



"I authorize you to buy any part of 10,000,000 shares of the leading stocks at any price up to 50 points above the present market. There is my check-book signed in blank, and I authorize you to use it up to a billion dollars, and I agree to be held to the account you draw. You have failed to-day for seven millions, and, therefore, cannot trade, but I herewith announce that I will pay all the indebtedness of Barry Conant and his house. Therefore he is now in good standing." Bob had kept his eye on the great clock; as the last word passed his lips, the president's gavel descended.

With a mighty rush the gamblers leaped for the different poles. Barry Conant with lightning rapidity gave his orders to 20 of his assistants, who, when Bob Brownley called for Conant, had gathered around their chief. In less than a minute the dollar-battle of the age was on, a battle such as no man had ever seen before. It required no supernatural wisdom for any man on the floor to see that Bob Brownley's need had fallen in superheated soil, that his until now secret hellfire was about to be tested. It needed no expert in the mystic art of deciphering the wall hieroglyphics of Old Hag Fate to see that the hands on the clock of the "System" were approaching 12. It needed no ear trained to hear human heart and soul beats to detect the approaching sound of onrushing doom to the stock-gambling structure. The deafening roar of the brokers that had broken the stillness following Robert Brownley's fateful speech had awakened echoes that threatened to shake down the exchange walls. The surging mob on the outside was roaring like a million hungry lions in an Arbestan rull at slaughter time.

CHAPTER X.

The instant after the gong sounded Bob Brownley was alone on the floor at the foot of the president's desk. His form was swaying like a reed on the edge of the cyclone's path. I jumped to his side. His brother, who had during Bob's harangue been vainly endeavoring to beat his way through the crowd, was there first. "For God's sake, Bob, hear me. Word came from your house half an hour ago of the miracle; Beulah has awakened to her past. Her mind is clear; the surges are frantic for you to come to her."

He got no further. With a mad yell and a bound, like a tortured bull that sees the arena walls go down, Bob rushed out through the nearest door, which, I thanked God, was a side one leading to the street where the crowd was thickest. He cast a wild look around. His eyes lighted on an empty automobile whose chauffeur had deserted to the crowd. It was the work of a second to crank it; of another to jump into the front seat. Quick as had been his movement, I was behind him in the rear seat. With a bound the great machine leaped through the crowd.

"In the name of Christ, Bob, be careful," I yelled, as he buried the iron monster through the throng, scattering it to the right and left as the mower scatters the sheaves in the wheat fields. Some were crushed beneath its wheels. Bob Brownley heard not their screams, heard not the curses of those who escaped. He was on his feet, his body crouched low over the steering wheel, which he grasped in his vice-like hands. His halting head was thrust far out, as though it strove to get to Beulah Sands ahead of his body. His teeth were set, and as I had jumped into the machine I had noted that his eyes were those of a maniac, who saw sanity just ahead if he could but get to it in time. His ears were deaf not only to the howl of the terrified throng, and the curses of the teamsters who frantically pulled their horses to the curb, but to my warnings as well. He swung the machine around the corner at New street and into Wall as though it had been the broadest boulevard in the park. He took Wall street at a bound I was sure would land us through the fence into Trinity's churchyard. But no. Again he turned the corner, throwing the juggernaut on its outside wheels from Wall street into Broadway as the crowds on the sidewalk held their breath in horror. I, too, was on my feet, but crouching as I hung to the sides. Thank God, that usually crowded thoroughfare was free from vehicles as far as I could see, on beyond the Astor house. What could it mean? Was that divinity which I said protects the drunkard and the idiot about to aid the mad rush of this love-frenzied creature to his long-lost and newly returned dear one? I heard the frantic clang of gongs, and as we shot by the World building, I saw ahead of us two plunging automobiles filled with men. 'Twas from them the gong clamor sounded. As we drew nearer I saw that these were the cars of the fire chiefs answering a call. I thanked God again and again as I yelled into Bob's ear, "For Beulah's sake, Bob, don't pass; if you do, we'll run into a blockade. If we keep in the rear they'll clear our way, and we may get to her alive." I do not know whether he heard, but he

held the machine in the rear of the other cars and did not try to pass. Away we went on our mad rush through crowded Broadway. At Union Square we lost our way-clearers. As our automobile jumped across Fourteenth street into Fourth avenue, the last notch, for she seemed to leap through the air. We sent two wagons crashing across the sidewalks into the buildings. Cries of rage arose above the din of the machine, and seemed to follow in our wake. Bob was dead to all we passed. His entire being seemed set on what was ahead. I knew he was an expert in the handling of the automobile, for since his misfortune, automobiling with Beulah Sands had been his favorite pastime, but who could expect to carry that plunging, swaying car to Forty-second street? Bob seemed to be performing the wondrous task. We shot from curb to curb and around and in front of vehicles and foot passengers as though the driver's eyes and hands were inspired.

Across the square at last and on up Fourth avenue to Twenty-third street. Then a dizzying whirl into Madison. Was he going to keep it to it until he got to Forty-second street and try to make Fifth avenue along that congested block with its crush of Grand Central passengers and lines upon lines of backs and teams? No. His head must be clear. Again he threw the great machine around the corner and into Fortieth street. For a part of the block our wheels rode the sidewalk and I awaited the crash. It did not come. Surely the new world Bob was speeding to must be a kind one, else why should Hag Fate, who had been at the steering wheel of his life-car during the last five years, carry him safely through what looked a dozen sure deaths? Without slackening speed a lot we swung around the corner of Fortieth into Fifth avenue. The road was clear to Forty-second; there a dense jam of cars, teams and carriages blocked the crossing. Bob must have seen the solid wall for I heard his low muttered curse. Nothing else to indicate that we were blocked with his goal in sight. He never touched the speed controller, but took the two blocks as though shot from a catapult. The two? No, one, and three-quarters of the next, for when within a score of yards of the black wall he jammed down the brakes, and the iron mass ground and shook as though it would rend itself to atoms, but it stopped with its dasher and front wheels wedged in between a car and a dray. It had not stopped when Bob was off and up the avenue like a bound on the end-in-sight trail. I was after him while the astonished bystanders stared in wonder. As we neared Bob's house I could see people on the stoop. I heard Bob's secretary shout, "Thank God, Mr. Brownley, you have come. She is in the office. I found her there, quiet and recovered. She did not ask a question. She said, 'Tell Mr. Brownley when he comes that I should like to see him.' Then she, ordered me to get the afternoon paper. I handed it to her an hour ago. I think she believes herself in her old office. I shut off the floor as you instructed. I did not dare go to her for fear she would ask questions. I have"—but Bob was up the stairs two and three steps at a time.

My breath was almost gone and it took me minutes to get to the second floor. My feet touched the top stair, when, O God! that sound! For five long years I had been trying to get it out of my ears, but now more guttural, more agonized than before, it broke upon my tortured senses. I did not need to seek its direction. With a bound I was at the threshold of Beulah Sands-Brownley's office. In that brief time the groans had stilled. For one instant I closed my eyes, for the very atmosphere of that hall moaned and groaned death. I opened them. Yes, I knew it. There at the desk was the beautiful gray-clad figure of five years ago. There the two arms resting on the desk. There the two beautiful hands holding the open paper, but the eyes, those marvellous gray-blue doors to an immortal soul—they were closed forever. The exquisitely beautiful face was cold and white and peaceful. Beulah Sands was dead. The hell-hounds of the "System" had overtaken its maimed and hunted victim; it had added her beautiful heart to the bags and barrels and hogheads stowed away in its big "business-like-business" safe; sought the form of my old schoolmate, my college chum, my partner, my friend, the man I loved. He was on his knees. His agonized face was turned to his wife. His clasped hands had been raised in an awful, heart-crushing prayer as his Maker touched the bell. Bob Brownley's great brown eyes were closed, his clasped hands had dropped against his wife's head, and in dropping had unloosed the glorious golden-brown waves until in fond abandon they had coiled around his arms and brow as though she for whom he had sacrificed all was shielding his beloved head from the chilling and dark mists of the black river that laps the brink of the eternal rest. "System" had shivered Robert Brown-

Rev. J. B. Hill dies, Aged 87

Pioneer Methodist Pastor Dies After Sixty-two years of Service.

A good race was run and a life well spent, was ended with death shortly past midnight, of Rev. J. B. Hill of Agency. Death came after a service in the vineyard of the Master for 62 years as a minister in M. E. church and found the venerable pioneer, aged beyond 87 years when summoned. His death was unexpected, owing to his having preached a funeral sermon last Sunday and led prayer-meeting Thursday night, and has caused not only the people of Agency but the pioneers and older citizens of all Wapello county, to bow their heads in sorrow at the taking off of this veteran preacher. The esteem in which the pioneer minister was held by his countless friends in the county is the highest tribute he can have. Rev. Hill enjoyed the distinction of being perhaps the oldest and one of the best loved ministers in the M. E. conference.

Rev. John B. Hill was born in Pocahontas county, W. Va., July 25, 1822, and came to the Iowa M. E. conference in 1857. He settled in Agency township 25 years ago on a small fruit farm, and this pursuit he followed for a time in connection with his duties as a minister of the gospel. John B. Hill left the parental homestead when he had reached the age of maturity, and having attended the common schools prior to this time he had received therein a good common school education. He supplements the same by a course of study at the academy in Hillsboro, Va. When twenty-five years of age he was licensed to preach, and at once engaged in the ministry. He entered the Ohio conference in 1847, coming here ten years later.

He was married to Elizabeth J. McCoy, in 1843, in Greenbrier county, Va. To this union one son, Nathan, was born and is since deceased. His wife died in 1845. Three years later he married Miss Mary J. Cottle and to this union eight children were born. Eleven years ago he was married to Miss M. J. Long.

Surviving are his wife, five daughters and three sons as follows: Mrs. Sarah E. Rugh, of Cedar Rapids; John Hill of Des Moines; Mrs. O. Menge of Agency; Mrs. Minnie Best of Onasha, Kan.; Frank Hill of Bonaparte, E. C. Hill of Seattle, and Miss Cora M. Hill of Agency. A number of the children are expected home to attend the funeral which will be held in the M. E. church at Agency Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. The service will be in charge of Rev. O. G. Orcutt of that city. It is expected that Mr. Orcutt will be assisted by a number of ministers from all over Iowa conference. Interment will be in Agency cemetery.—Agency (Iowa) News.

FROM JUDGE McWHORTER

Editor Times:—The death of Rev. J. B. Hill calls to mind my early acquaintance with him when he started in the ministry. He was sent by the conference to take charge of the work then called "California Mission" in Jackson and Kanawha counties, now in the bounds of Roan county. His devotion to the cause he had espoused was one of strong characteristics. The territory covered by the mission was large and sparsely settled. He had no horse, and for some weeks he filled his appointments regularly on foot. He was loved by members of his church and highly respected by all in the bounds of his work. A good man has gone to his reward. Lewisburg, W. Va., Jan. 8, 1910.

A Trip to the Elkcap Mt. a Spur of the Rockies.

Armadillo, Texas, December 20, 1909.

A company of four was our number, Dave Sheets, Henry Sheets, Clay Atwood and myself. November 16th was our time set to start. When the time came we were all ready and met at the Western Graciers store at Roswell, New Mexico, where we bought most of our supplies, and we were soon on our journey.

We set out in a northwest direction, traveled all day and went into camp at sunset. Three days' travel we had taken up with several wagons and we had a jolly crowd around our campfire. Many jokes were told, the meal prepared and everyone seemed to enjoy themselves fine. The night was spent very quiet and an early start was taken the next morning. At 10 o'clock we struck a fine quail country. I took my shotgun and took the north side of the ridge. I made some good shots. I went in the direction that our wagon was going and came to the head quarters of the Block ranch. There I came up to the wagon. Water was taken (water is very scarce in this part of the country) and everything was all O. K. Dave and I took a cut off and headed on toward the hills. When we came to the canyon we killed three fine Mallard ducks and a very large eagle which measured seven feet from tip to tip. By this time noon was near so we made our way to the road and the wagons soon came up and we went into camp for dinner. Here we ate our first wild meat on our trip. We enjoyed our dinner and prepared for our journey. I gave my shot gun to Henry and he and Dave went ahead to make another search for quail. They were very successful, having killed eleven quail. Our evening's travel brought us to the foot of the hills where we camped for the night near the Hart bar ranch. We found plenty of wood and built a big bonfire until bedtime. The night was pleasant, and we started early the next morning. At 1:30 o'clock we located our camping ground at what is called Seven Cabin Canyon, where we prepared to take our hunt.

Late that evening we went to locate our route to take the next day. I took the left side of the canyon and went out on the ridge some distance from the camp. I saw what I thought was the best route to take to get to the top of the mountains. I saw plenty of sign. Night came on and we were soon asleep dreaming game we would see next day. In the morning Dave and I soon prepared breakfast. A lunch was fixed and were off early to see what we might find. I took my route for the top; after three hours climbing up a long, high ridge I came to a low place which in this country is called a "saddle in the ridge". While there I was on a sharp lookout for big game. Looking down in the canyon south of me I saw two deer in an open spot. All I could see of them was the head and ears. I threw my rifle up and took good aim and fired. At the crack of my rifle the two deer disappeared, so I made my way down in the direction of which they were, keeping a sharp lookout to get another shot. On coming down to the place where I saw the game, I found I had made a dead shot and was somewhat surprised to find that I had a deer there. I dressed it up in good shape to carry it to camp. I swung it up in a tree like when I was a boy and would go out with my father to bring in deer that he would kill and would swing them by a tree with an old pole of some sort. Then I made my way up to the top of the mountains by noon, and seen two more deer, but wasn't lucky in getting another shot. I made around and came back by where I had hung up my game and taking it down and swung it on my back and struck out for the camp. I found Henry and Clay had come in and

His Place on the Bridge.

Marine Captain Tells How to Avoid Sea Accidents.

Capt. W. E. Nye, marine superintendent of the United States army transport service, who has spent 27 years on the water, registered at the Raleigh yesterday, and for several hours was doing laps in the lobby in an effort to get his land legs back, says the Washington Post.

"I have sailed on almost every body of water in the world," said Capt. Nye, "and have never been in an accident. Seven times I have rounded Cape Horn and I have been as far north as 75. It is true for me to say that one is safer on the water than on land, but anyone who has been sea-going as long as I have cannot believe otherwise. Some accidents on the water, of course, are unavoidable, as are some on land, but a large percentage of the disasters, in my opinion, are due to the employment of incompetent men. It is not to be expected that first-class men will long work for the meager wages that are paid by the big steamboat companies and railroad corporations. They can make more money elsewhere, and the consequence is there is a continual shifting of the working forces.

"I have made it a rule ever since I was first placed in command of a ship in times of danger never to trust anyone but myself. If an accident happens then, I alone am to blame. Of course, I place trust in my officers, but it is a captain's duty in times of peril to be on the bridge until all danger is past. There have been times when I have spent 72 hours on the bridge without food or sleep. It is to this watchfulness that I attribute in a large measure my success in avoiding accidents. In my opinion a captain who, through cowardice or neglect, jeopardizes the lives of the passengers on a steamboat is as much of a criminal as is a murderer."

She Was Taking It Easy.

Misunderstanding Made Holiday for Teachers and Scholars.

One December day of last year I stopped at a district school house on Long Island to make some inquiries of the teacher, and I found her engaged on some sewing and the dozen scholars playing around out doors. In reply to my queries she explained: "The school board has some little misunderstanding between themselves, and until it is settled we are taking things easy."

"Is the misunderstanding serious?" I asked.

"Not so very. I taught the children that the island of Jamaica was in the Caribbean sea, and the moderator has an idea that it's in the Caspian. He has gone up to Brooklyn to find out. I taught the children that the world revolves on its axis once in 24 hours. One of the directors thinks I am an hour off, and he's gone up to Brooklyn to see about it. I taught the children that the Amazon river was in South America, but the other director thinks it's in China, and has gone up to Brooklyn to see about it."

"And you are letting things go while they satisfy themselves?"

"Yes. I did start in to teach the children during the interval that a farmer sold two cows for \$30 apiece and two sheep for four dollars each, he got \$58 in all for what he sold, but a tin peddler came along and advised me not to get into any trouble while waiting, and so we are holding a sort of picnic. You keep right on this road to get to Saybrook."—Chicago Inquirer.

prepared supper. Dave on his rounds had wounded a fine deer, and trailing it until night did not make it into camp. We were somewhat uneasy about our companion. Next morning we held a council and was soon off in the direction Dave had taken the day before. We were out until noon and on our return we found him safe in the camp. He had lost his deer on another canyon south of our camp, and when he came down the canyon he strolled upon a cow boy camp. Being somewhat tired he stopped with the punchers for the night.

On Christmas eve the roads were fine and Lacy says he drove from Marlinton to his old home in four hours. The next morning everything was snowed under and the big Christmas fox chase had to be abandoned, and the day was spent around the big old fireplace, listening to his father and mother tell of by gone days, and when the "cannon roared."

The following is a roster of the 1st cavalry company that left Greenbrier for the Confederate state's service, as given him by his parents, with a little history of the same: Captain, R. B. Moorman; 1st. Lieut. S. W. N. Feamster; 2nd Lieut. B. F. Eskler; 3rd Lieut. M. B. White. Privates: J. D. Arbuckle, R. P. Arbuckle, R. Adwell, J. C. Alderson, Dr. W. T. Barksdale, John Burkhardt, A. D. Bell, T. C. Burwell, J. M. Brown, J. C. Bright, J. K. Bright, Dr. W. H. Bryant, A. B. Barr, Cyrus Creigh, Thomas Creigh, J. H. Caraway, John Crist, Joseph Crist, Dr. William Campbell, Wm. Campbell, Wm. Correll, J. G. Cox, Andrew Church, Wm. C. Dean, G. M. Dean, G. Wash Dean, Dr. J. H. Deshons. Allan Donnelly, Andrew Dolan, R. Dickson, Wm. Dickson, J. F. Dickson, V. B. Flesham, W. L. Farmer, Mathias Falls, Dr. H. Gilmore, S. L. Gabbert, John Galkson, B. F. Harlow, Wm. Hamilton, H. H. Harris, J. K. Johnston, M. A. Johnston, D. F. Johnston, Wm. R. Johnston, Wm. H. Johnson, Royal Kershner, Thomas Kirkpatrick, S. A. Levesay, J. M. Levesay, John W. Legg, John Lewis, Cyrus H. McClung, Samuel McClung, Alex McClung, Charles W. McClung, A. Austin, Samuel D. McVey, J. M. Ocheltree, L. S. Peyton, J. F. Rapp, Calvin Renick, G. B. Rader, E. W. Rader, T. W. Smith C. F. Smith, G. Edward Smith, Dr. A. M. Snowden, Henry Stuart Wm. R. Stuart, Jr., Richard Thomas, J. B. Tuslow, Vandergrift, Warwick Woodward S. I. Warren.

WAR REMINISCENCE.

M. Lacy Johnston and family spent Xmas with their parents, John H. B. Johnston, of near Frankford, and M. A. Johnston, of near Lewisburg. Both families are old landmarks of Big Levels. Both Mr. Johnston and Mr. Brown were Confederate soldiers. M. A. Johnston and wife, Alex and John Davis Arbuckle are the only four left of the older generation that were living between Lewisburg and Frankford half a century ago.

On Christmas eve the roads were fine and Lacy says he drove from Marlinton to his old home in four hours. The next morning everything was snowed under and the big Christmas fox chase had to be abandoned, and the day was spent around the big old fireplace, listening to his father and mother tell of by gone days, and when the "cannon roared."

Notice to Stockholders

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Bank of Marlinton will be held at the banking rooms of said institution, in the town of Marlinton, West Virginia, on the 24th day of January, 1910, at 1 o'clock, p. m. to transact such business as may properly come before the meeting.

Given under my hand this 5th day of January 1910.

HUBERT ECHOLS, Cashier.

Notice

Notice is hereby given that on the tenth day of November, 1909, I sold my clothing, shoes and furnishing business in the town of Durbin, West Virginia, to Shulman Bros. who will continue the business.

This the 5th day of Jan. 1910.

MAX KALIN.

Durbin, W. Va.

NOTICE

As assessor of Pocahontas county I will call on the tax-payers of the county in person or by my assistants for a list of your real-estate and personal property, and collect the capitation as required by law. Please be ready to pay your one and two dollars capitation when called on.

S. B. MOORE, Assessor.

Notice to the Public.

I have opened a black smith shop at Cloverlick, at the old stand at the East end of the county bridge. I am now prepared to do all kinds of work. Horse shoeing and wheel work a specialty. All work guaranteed. Charges reasonable. Will be found at the shop at all times.

D. STOVER HARRICK.

of them contained some of the members of the first old company. M. A. Johnston and his brother, John K. Johnston, now living at Monterey, Va., crossed Cheat river with Gen Garnett when he was shot. This was at Corrick's Ford which is about one mile from Parsons. When Gen McClellan came up he dismounted on the river's bank and wept over the body of Gen. Garnett, who had been his former schoolmate.

There are two of this old company living in Pocahontas county Royal Kershner and James Bright, and no doubt they remember the search from Staunton to Buffalo Gap through a pouring rain. The little Confederate caps lined with red, black and blue, the dear ladies of Staunton had presented the company with, had faded until that was the colors of their "war paint" when they reached the Gap. But the worst of it was, Capt. Moorman had gone on in advance, and when they reached the Gap they found everything much drier than the weather; but there was a well dressed young soldier who was always equal to the occasion, and he took in the situation at a glance, and ordered the proprietors to set out the drinks to the boys. No, said he, Capt. Moorman has ordered the bar closed and not a drop to be sold. Does Capt. Moorman rank higher than Major Ocheltree? I order the bar opened and the boys served with all they want at my expense." "Certainly, Major, certainly," was the reply, and he got busy. The boys all had a glorious old time, and Major Ocheltree ever retained his title, with the best wishes of all the boys. He was the father of Tempest Ocheltree of Campbellton.

A little farther along the road the fair ladies had prepared a feast for the hungry soldiers on their march to defend the sacred rights of their beloved country, and as toasts and speeches were in order a young cavalryman mounted the table and addressed that assembly with a speech that the boys all declared would stand as the masterpiece of his life. One of the company complimenting Col. B. F. Harlow on his fine address, the editor said it was all due to Major Ocheltree.

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